

Painting the Town Red

*Pennywise x Fem!Reader -
IV*

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Painting the Town Red by Khaleesi_of_Lannisport

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Genre: A Bit Of A Plot, Biting, Blood Drinking, Choking, F/M, Flesh eating, NSFW, Pennywise is a bit of a virgin, Rough Sex, Shameless Smut, Teacher/Student Roleplay, Unsafe Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Vampires, Violent Sex, non-romantic, scary clown

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Summary:

Crossover: Salem's Lot/IT.

Derry, Maine 1961. You're a vampire new to Derry, come to escape 'Salem's Lot as the humans have begun to hunt your own. You chose Derry because its a quiet town, unless you count the disappearances every twenty-seven years. Pennywise doesn't like sharing his hunting grounds with a new creature of the night. Could you reach an understanding? Or will you be driven out?

1. Chapter 1

Painting the Town Red

Derry, Maine. 1961.

You haven't been here long. The journey from 'Salem's Lot was short but very tiresome. You just need someone to take a bite of. You've paid the movers enough to transport your coffin into storage with you in it, no questions asked. *Cash only.*

When you awaken you find yourself in the small storage unit, coffin in good condition, your vanity placed in one corner, a few lamps, and your boxes of clothes, shoes, and various accessories you've collected from victims.

You chose Derry to get away from the mess of 'Salem's Lot. Your kind weren't as welcoming as in previous centuries. There was a time when hunting wasn't as dangerous...well it was always dangerous. But now the humans were organizing and hunted became the hunter. You gathered your belongings and headed for a quieter town. One notorious for its disappearances, though they happened every twenty-seven years.

You pondered the decision to move into Derry as you plug in a small lamp by your vanity. You need to feed tonight and prey was easiest when caught in the glamour of your appearance. Thankfully you were quite young when turned into the undead. You apply makeup, liberally adding blush to your deadened flesh to appear more alive, red lipstick, and, as if you weren't already enough of a stereotype of your kind, reddish eye shadow.

Your stay in the storage unit isn't permanent, however, until you figure out how safe Derry is its your only option. You break the lock by holding lifting the storage door, knowing you'll need another one you try your best not to snap off the base of the screws.

Its evening as you step out of the facility, eyeing for any humans passing by the hallways. While you chose this location for its discretion, you weren't completely trusting the owners wouldn't just

stop by.

You walk along the sidewalk as the sunsets, the sky a reddish orange hue, and breathe in the fresh autumn air. It was your favorite season to hunt. Humans engaged in gluttonous holidays, fattening themselves in high protein meals and drinking alcohol constantly.

As you continue the path into town you notice the ‘Missing Persons’ signs littering the streets, and stapled to electric poles. You eye a few and realize they’ll all children, ages ranging from eight to fifteen. You’d think with this many missing children town would have caught on.

Your shoes crunch the fallen leaves and you feel the temperature drop further. You mentally plan your route: bars are open at this hour, along with a few scattered mom and pop restaurants. A bar seems like the reasonable hunting ground.

The first bar opened is an Irish-styled pub, O’Henry’s or something generically Irish sounding. A patron leaving keeps the door open for you,

“Thank you,” you flash a pearly-white smile. The man tips his hat as he leaves, possibly regretting that. The bar is relatively empty, a few men smoking at the bar, drinks on the table. A couple are sitting a corner table arguing about finances. You take a seat at the end of the bar. The bartender slides your way.

“What can I get you started with, pretty lady?” his attempt at flirting is weak-willed and very rehearsed. But then again, so is yours.

“A Bloody Mary, two celery sticks please,” you flash your signature smile. Your acute hearing picks up his increased heartrate. You listen to the rest of the room: the couple still arguing, Sinatra playing from the jukebox, the clinking of glasses at the other end of the bar. The humans in the bar come in a range of blue collar types, with the figures to match. Rough hands and rougher exteriors.

Your attention returns to the bartender as he is the youngest one in the place, possibly mid-twenties. His friends all but left for college or better jobs in Portland.

He places the drink in front of you, “Bloody Mary with two celery sticks.” You motion for your wallet but he waves his hand, “First round is on me.”

You fake your surprise, “Oh no I insist!”

“Nonsense, its house rules that a new member of Derry gets the first round free. That’s how we try and keep you around these parts,” he winks at you, flashing his own winning smile.

“You got a name, missy?”

“Its N/A,” not your birth name but its suited you this long, why change it?

“Well that is a beautiful name. I’m Stan, well Stanley, but people call me Stan,” he extends his hand.

“Pleasure, Stan,” you take his hand in yours to shake.

“Woah! Your hands are like ice, N/A. Might need to warm you up with something else.”

“Or someone can warm me up,” you answer slyly. Stan’s heartrate increases and you can see the veins in his neck throbbing. Fuck, you’re so hungry. ‘This needs to hurry up.’

“You know, Stan. I’m just so new here, I’m not sure where the ladies room is. Could you show me?”

Stan’s heart skips, he swallows hard, “Sure thing, N/A. Just follow me.”

You leave the drink untouched on the counter. You’re tempted to leave a tip but you remembered you have no money left. Oh well.

Stan leads you toward the back of the kitchen area, past the freezers and opens a door into the alleyway. “We share the bathroom with the Italian restaurant down this way.”

As Stan leads you further, you take a quick note of how empty the hallway is. You grab hold of his wrist. He stops and turns, ready to

ask you why you've grabbed him. Your eyes lock and with ease you hypnotize him. Weak minded humans are always the easiest prey. You push Stan against the wall, one hand over his face pushing it to your left, exposing his neck. His veins are perfect. Your fangs withdraw as you widen your mouth. *So hungry...*

Just then you get a sniff of the air. Something inhuman is close. You can't recognize it. You hear jingling of bells. You turn to see a clown's head sticking out of the sewer drain with the lid atop its head. The clown looks ridiculous.

"Hiya! I'm Pennywise," the clown says in a sing-song voice.

You're completely taken aback, "What in the fuck are you?"

"Ohoho! Can you smell me? I'm just a regular dancing clown!"

You cock an eyebrow, "Do you think I'm an idiot? You're not human."

"And I think you're hungry. I can smell the desperation on you." His voice growls viciously. "It's a smell I know all too well, you know."

You grow impatient, its been weeks since you've had a proper meal, "Listen clown. I'm in the middle of feasting. Now do you mind going back into the sewer and feeding on rats and other pestilent creatures?"

The clown's face scrunches up in anger, clearly you've hit a nerve with him.

"I don't eat rats! I eat children!" he bellows in triumph, pounding his fists down on the concrete, his suit jingling, the sewer lid lands behind him. You can't help but break a smile.

"So, you're the reason why there's so many missing kids here. Tsk, tsk clown. You're going to make it harder on yourself to hunt here. Soon enough the people of Derry will rise up and turn against you, drive you out if you're lucky."

The clown feigns horror, "Oh no! Not run out of Derry! Where will I go? Heh. I've been here centuries, girly. Pennywise isn't leaving."

Stan groans as your hypnosis begins to fade. “Listen, clown, can I finish my dinner? I’m awfully hungry. We can trade stories another time.”

Pennywise pops out of the sewer drain and pats himself, shaking his body, causing it to jingle more. You’re unsure of what he is, but definitely not human or possibly of this earth.

“Well, girly. Can I watch you eat? Maybe get a scrap or two?” his smiles, baring his own fanged teeth, perhaps trying to scare you. But you don’t scare easily.

“What makes you think I’m the sharing type, clown?” your eyes sharpen, you can feel the beast within you stir in rage. All you wanted was an easy meal, now you have to deal with this inhuman creature.

Your nails extend and wrap around Stan’s face, gripping him hard. You bear own fangs and bite into his jugular, spilling blood down his neck, splattering on your dress. Its warm and delicious, but lacking in quality. As you take your fill you can hear the clown inching behind you. You lick the sides of Stan’s butchered neck, his eyes rolled back entirely, as you hear his heartrate drop to nothing. Stan’s body slumps to the floor as you let go of your grip, finally satisfying your hunger.

Pennywise is suddenly upon Stan’s body, “I call dibs!” You watch as the clown’s jaw unhinges and takes a large bite of Stan’s face, ripping it clear off. You’re almost impressed by this clown’s abilities as he devours pieces of the human one by one.

“Well, you’re doing a better job of depositing the body than I would have,” you lean against the brick wall, arms folded. You take a handkerchief from your purse and begin cleaning your face of remaining blood.

Pennywise stops mid-feasting to watch you, swallowing down Stan’s arm before answering, “You look better with the blood on your face, girly.”

“Stop calling me that, clown.”

“Stop calling me ‘clown!’ I’m Pennywise!” he growls, nearly throwing a tantrum like a child.

“Fine, Pennywise. Call me N/A.”

He drags the remaining torso to the sewer drain, “But that’s not your real name, right? Your real name is-”

Something inside you snaps as he nearly says your birth name. Using your inhuman speed, you jump Pennywise, wiping your clawed hand across his face scratching him, leaving marks clear across, with your other hand gripping hard around his throat.

“Never use that name. It’s the name of a dead girl,” your voice is low but hard, hissing your fangs in rage.

Pennywise takes one hand and grips the your that’s wrapped around his neck.

“Ohohoho! What speed! What a grip!” he bears a buck-toothed smile, one meant for a silly clown. His eyes become yellow, his grip is stronger than yours, and he senses your fear.

“But I’m stronger, N/A.”

He throws you clear across the alleyway. You land on your feet, ready to charge him. But he’s too fast. Pennywise takes the torso into the sewer. You feel this rage building. You have to fight him, find out what he is. If you’re to stay in Derry, you need to push him out of your new hunting ground.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

a bit NSFW for some sexy tiems. Graphic violence.

Chapter 2

You dive into the sewer, listening to the jingling of bells, and clownish laugh. You're a night creature so the darkness of the sewers is no issue. You hear the squeaking of rats scurrying around you. Water drips, and there's splashing ahead of you.

"Pennywise!" you call out. You try to be cautious, it'd be too reckless to rush through the drains. Finally, you come to entrance of sorts into something deeper. You stride into the entrance, now that your strength is improving from your recent meal.

You notice a light coming from the end of the tunnel. As you approach you hear a jingle, a clownish tune humming, and a red balloon greets you.

It reads 'Surprise!' before popping. Behind the balloon is bloodied Pennywise, obviously full from the meal he stole from you.

"Why did you follow me, N/A?" he growls.

"I plan on making my stay in Derry permanent, Pennywise. I need to know what sort of creature I'm going to be sharing these hunting ground." You try and sound diplomatic, after all he was the one who crashed your dinner party.

"Oh, are you now? Well, too bad I don't like sharing my space!" his voice is haunting, deeper than before.

"Listen here, clown. I researched this town. You go to sleep for what, thirty-odd years? I'll be long gone before you wake from your next nap. Why not stay out of my way for the time being? You can enjoy eating children, and I can enjoy eating their parents. Sound good?"

Pennywise walks towards you. You stand your ground knowing full

well what this could lead to. A brawl between supernatural beings. One a creature of the night and the other...unknown. His eyes are red, mouth and clothes covered in blood. He looks rather delicious. He's inches from your face, and takes a sniff of you. His face scrunches up, "Leave Derry. I don't like sharing."

You smile, "That's too bad. I was just thinking how cute you look with all that blood on your face."

Pennywise's face changes in confusion, "What-What do you mean?"

As an undead woman, you've used your charms of seduction in the past. It gets you prey. Men mostly, a few women. Now, you have to use them on someone inhuman. Would it work? You'll have to try. You need to make Derry your home.

You take a step forward as Pennywise moves back, now he's intimidated. "I mean, you look good enough to eat."

Pennywise's bloodied face remains confused, "I-I...thank you?"

A fanged smile crosses your face as you lick your lips, "You haven't had much experience with women have you?"

Pennywise's body language reads as scared but interested. You can hear a heart but its impossible to place within his body.

"I-I have eaten them," he replies shakily, eyes darting around to avoid yours. He is very nervous. Oh, what fun this will be!

You can't help but chuckle softly, a tactic you use on human men to disarm them, but works just as well here. "Well, that's not what I meant. I could show you what I mean."

You peer behind him, seeing lights and a large mound something, "Why not show me your place? Hmm? That why it can be more intimate."

Pennywise's eyes narrow, "I don't know. You could trick me."

You pout your lips, "Why, I never. I pinky promise not to trick you." You offer your pinky finger to him. Pennywise just looks at your

extended finger, not knowing what to do with it. Frustrated, you grab his hand and wrap your pinky around his, "Like this! See? It means we have a deal."

"Pinky promise?" he repeats, staring at your locked fingers.

"Pinky promise!" and you release your fingers. Pennywise smiles, his buck-teeth returning, making him look too precious to actually be a killer.

"Follow me then," Pennywise leads the way to his inner sanctum. The mound, which you were sure was just trash, was more than that. You see floating bodies of children, their toys and personal items all clustered together.

The base of the mound is an old carriage, bearing the face of a clown that reads: 'Pennywise the Dancing Clown.'

"What do you think?" he says jingling a bit in his step.

"Not bad. How have the humans not caught you?"

Pennywise takes a deep breath and explains some of his power of hypnosis over the adults of Derry. "Only children can see me and sense my presence. None of the bigger people can."

"Bigger people?" you immediately realize his vocabulary is child-like, perhaps from years of being hidden away for long stretches at a time.

He just nods. "So, are you going to show me how to be with women?" His eyes are blue and gleaming with excitement. He really wants to know. How cute. You get to play the teacher and he's the student.

"Well, Pennywise, you need to tell me what you know of us women. What do we like? What do we talk about?" you fold your arms, awaiting his answer.

Pennywise thinks for a moment before answering, "Babies! That's what women like."

You roll your eyes, "Okay, some women like babies. What else?"

He ponders a bit, pacing for a moment before turning in triumph, "Oh, I know I know, its makeup!"

Your face is deadpan.

"Am I right?" he asks.

"Alright Pennywise. I guess you're just an innocent," you sigh. You walk towards him, taking both hands around your waist, bringing him closer. "Women like sex."

His eyes dart around again, like a virgin boy, fearful of the succubus before him, "All women?"

"Most women," you concede.

"What is it like? Does it taste good? I know babies taste good."

You laugh a bit, "Oh, sex tastes very good, Pennywise. And babies too."

His face brightens with joy, "You eat them too?"

"Only their blood, and only once because I was very hungry. I like bigger people's blood best."

He giggles, "But you only have their blood. Their flesh is best-best."

You nod, not wanting to discuss dinner or else you'll get hungry again.

You touch his face gently, fingering the lines of makeup before reaching his lips. You trace your thumb over his mouth, smearing the blood from Stan, feeling the soft flesh, and watching saliva begin to fall from the corners.

"Do you want to taste me?"

He nods his head in delight. You kiss him gently, a closed mouth kiss, just feel the softness against yours, tasting the blood. You let go and lick your lips of the blood.

“You’re yummy,” he says unsteadily.

“What happened to your confidence from before?” you ask, hands still on his face. You bring him closer again and whisper, “I liked it when you were rough.”

He’s a shy clown. Only a flesh-eating monster, no interest in pleasure of the human flesh. You take on his hands and put it around your throat.

“Hold me like this. Choke me.” Your eyes are locked on each other. Pennywise tightens his grip, just enough to get you excited. “Good boy, Pennywise.”

He sniffs you a bit, “You’re liking this. You’re not afraid.”

Through his grip you answer, “Yes. But we’ve only just started. Take your other hand and put it between my legs.”

Like a good listener, Pennywise obeys, lifting your dress up to reach between your thigh to your underwear. You can feel yourself getting more aroused.

“Touch me, Pennywise. Touch me and choke me. Make me beg for it.”

“Beg for what?” he asks, his voice is so small. He really is a virgin.

You roll your eyes a bit, “Beg me for you to finger fuck me. Use your fingers to reach inside me.” You guide his fingers to your slit, feeling your wetness grow on the cotton panties. His two fingers trace the lips of your slit, getting an understanding of what you want. You mewl a bit as he continues to tease you. Pennywise pulls back his hand and licks his fingers getting a taste of you.

“You taste salty, like blood from rotten meat,” he states plainly.

Now, you’re the confused one, “Does that mean I taste bad?”

He shakes his head, “No! Its yummy! Like a fresh corpse. Sometimes I eat those from the funeral homes. Hehehe!”

God, he's cute. "Pennywise, let's get back to trying sex. Choke me harder and finger me like you did before."

He grunts in agreement and continues his lesson. This time he shoves your panties aside and jams in two fingers, in and out. You gasp at the suddenness of it but soon find yourself grinding against his hand. He's a faster learner as he watches your face as you try and enjoy the roughness. A few moans escape only to be stifled by an even tighter grip of his hand. You can feel yourself getting closer to finishing as his fingers increase their speed. Your legs are getting weaker as you buck against him all the while holding onto his hand around your throat. His eyes never leave yours as he watches in delight. Saliva continues to fall from his mouth as you finally come, writhing and mewling.

You try and gasp for more air, "Pennywise, let go please." He obliges you, releasing his grip. You can smell his enjoy of the act. This monster has never touched a woman beyond eating their flesh. You straighten yourself up, fixing your dress and removing your panties, kicking them to the side.

Pennywise takes long, savoring licks of his fingers, enjoying your taste, like a boy with a popsicle in the summer. You can't help but feel pride in yourself.

"Enjoying my taste, Pennywise?"

He nods, his tongue is occupied.

"Well, can I taste you then?" you ask slyly.

He stops his licks. Now is your chance to strike. You jump atop him, forcing him to the ground, your clawed nails ripping his suit open. You want to reach his heart, wherever it could be within him. Monstrous tentacles appear out of his torso and wrap around your neck and waist, hoisting up and off him. Fuck. You underestimated him. You're forced to your back as the tentacles from his torso are holding you there. His clownish face changed to more sinister. His fangled teeth extend as he growls and roars, "No no no no, N/A! You've ruined the fun!"

“Pennywise, let me go,” you gasp as now his grip is harder than before. Your strength hasn’t fully returned even after one meal. You still needed more blood.

Pennywise leans over you, his torso retracts the tentacles, but his hands hold down both your arms, pinning you to the floor. Saliva drips over your face as he inches closer, hissing, “Now, you leave.”

You shutter, this is your only opportunity to survive, you have to leave in Derry. Goddamn him.

“If I let you take what you want from me, I’ll never come back to Derry. Take a bite of me. I know you want that.”

His eyes glide over you, landing on your breasts as they rise and fall from your heavy breathing. He may be a monster, but knows what parts taste best on a woman. In one motion he rips your dress apart, exposing you in your bra. His elongated tongue runs over each of your breasts. He then takes off your bra swiftly, wanting more of your undead flesh. Pennywise’s monstrous forked tongue delights over your nipples. You wonder why is he drawing this out. You mewl a bit as he begins to take nibbles of your breast, sucking on each of them gently. Soon, he withdraws his tongue and you brace yourself as he lunges his teeth into you. You scream in terror and arousal. You’re used to pain but not like this. Its horrific and wonderful. Pennywise takes a sizeable chunk from you, his mouth covered in your undead blood, chewing and swallowing your flesh.

You can regenerate yourself back to normal, it will just take time and lots of food. You lay there, watching him devour your flesh. The silence between you is deafening, and you want make sure you can leave.

“Is my flesh any better?” you ask breathing deeply. “I know my cunt was good.”

Pennywise growls angrily, “You didn’t have to attack me! We were having fun.”

You laugh a bit, “I want but I was tempted to know what you tasted like. Can I leave as soon as you’re done chewing on me?”

Your eyes watch him ponder this decision. Even with his mouth covered in your blood, teeth tearing into your flesh, you can't help but think how cute he looks right now.

"You pinky promised not to trick me!" he state furiously.

You hold up your pinky from said promise, "Then bite it off." You wiggle it a bit to get his attention, like worm on a hook to draw the fish in. It works and Pennywise crouches down. Swiftly, you grab his face and lock lips. Angrily he tries to resist but soon gives up the fight. You open your mouth to let your tongue trace over his lips, tasting your blood, trying to force his mouth open. Pennywise takes the hints and lets your tongue meet his. He tastes even sweeter than you expected, like candies you remember from your time as a mortal. You let go of his face and withdraw your kiss. Using your arms, you sit up.

You then offer up your pinky to his face, "Promise?"

Pennywise's face scrunches up, "What promise?"

"That I can go?"

He smiles, fangs and all, taking a quick bite off your finger. You scream briefly, but you know it'll come back. Pennywise swallows it whole, then answers you with, "Pinky promise."

END

Author's Note:

I know I said I wouldn't be continuing my other ITxReader series, however this idea came to me while rereading Salem's Lot. I take a lot of liberties but hey its fanfiction. Enjoy! Follow me on social media to hound me further.